

The Two Captains

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Lee bow!" came down the answer, ragged with the wind, as the man, panting, made for the cross-trees.

When the brig soared to the height of the white-headed sea, the sail was visible in the glass. Pope looked and saw three spires rocking solemnly. A full-rigged ship was sailing southwest hull down, and Captain Pope called to the wheel:

"Let her go off a couple of points. Weather braces, Mr. Crystal! We'll take a look at that gentleman."

Sail was trimmed; the brig rushed with each heave, roaring white into the green and freckled hollows. She left a path as brilliant as sunshine astern, and Crystal, watching the men drag upon the braces, marveled to himself that Pope should dream of doing business in the English channel.

But the truth is, Pope had come to sea ill equipped in his lazarett, by which I mean he was very meanly supplied with stores. Fresh water he had taken in abundance, but not very much to eat for the cabin or the fore-cabin. He had therefore resolved that he would fill his larder as he went along by helping himself from the holds of vessels he passed or overhauled. This was quite consistent with the traditions of the pirates, and in sober truth Pope could not have determined otherwise, for after he had paid Stanton four hundred pounds cash and the bills, and advanced money to his sailors, purchased powder, rum and so on, the proceeds from the sale of the plate had dwindled alarmingly, and he was short of money when he began to think of provisions.

The vessel they had altered their course for held on very stately and tall, an English East Indiaman, and one of the finest specimens of her noble kind.

It had been imagined by the crew when the brig's course was altered

"We're not bound to the Bay of Campeachy to trade thence with the West Indies, but to plunder ships and enrich ourselves, so that we may disperse and settle down and live like gentlemen on our means. In a word," he shouted, flourishing his cigar, "we're a pirate!"

He ceased at this, running his eyes over the people among whom there was a considerable stir, indicative of a variety of sensations and passions.

A seaman shouted, "So much the better."

Another, "Ha' yer guns enough?" And another, "What was the good of that roaring lie about Campeachy? I'd ha' been right to hear the truth," at which well-turned phrase there arose a murmur that lighted up Captain Pope's face.

"I understood you was a letter of marque, cap'n," said the boatswain Grindal, who stood a little forward of the others. "Not that it matters though."

"We're a pirate; all of you know what that means. I am a man of few words; this is what I stand here to say," said Pope, planting himself firmly on outstretched legs, "the terms are half the plunder for the crew and the brig herself when I've gone ashore and got enough. If we take ten thousand pounds out of a ship, five thousand is divided among you. Is that good enough? But who's going to stop at ten thousand pounds provided you're willing and prove yourselves men."

He paused at this, and a loud hum of assent went up. Captain Crystal, gazing anxiously, saw very easily that the hands were willing. No murmur or curse of resentment was audible as though the fellows had been duped. But in sober truth the majority had shipped with a clear conception that something more was meant by this cruise than Campeachy and the West Indies.



He drank their health.

for the ship behind the sea that something in the buccaneering way was intended. The most eager of all who glanced aft, the most expectant in expression, was the boatswain. Happening to come near Captain Pope when sail was again being trimmed after the brig had been brought to her course, he said, "Had you meant to speak her, sir? She's a fine vessel. I'll allow—here he swore—that there's specie enough in her to sink us by a stroke."

Pope answered the boatswain Grindal thus: "There may be gold in her to sink us by a stroke as you say; but our men are undisciplined; they are but thirty, and you may swear she's a full ship, and I have yet to find out that all hands of us will be willing to plunder her."

Grindal turned his evil eyes over the decks and answered, "I think you'll find 'em all willin'. Where's the risk? We've a letter of marque, ain't we, sir?"

"Now you shall hear the truth presently," exclaimed Pope sternly, with that strong air of command and power which rarely failed him when he dealt with seamen; and he gave Grindal an order which dispatched him forward.

Pope took some time to rehearse and make up his mind, and frequently stole a glance at the men. By this hour it was drawing on to four o'clock; the weather had improved. It still blew a fine sailing breeze, but the dingy thickness had been blown out of the sky.

"Mr. Crystal (he mistered his friend in times of duty in the hearing of the men; there could not be two captains), "tell the boatswain to pipe the whole ship's company aft."

In a few minutes all hands had assembled upon the main-deck—a formidable crowd, as they swayed in their varied, wild, romantic attire with the heave of the plank.

"I've called you aft, my lads," said Pope with a look round, "to explain the nature of this cruise. I am a gentleman of fortune; my friend, Captain Crystal, who is your chief mate, rows in the same boat, so does every mother's son of you."

At this a colored man's wondering face broke into a grin.

CHAPTER VI.

The Collision.

The Gypsy was now a pirate, recognized as such by her crew, with a black flag in her color-locker ready for hoisting when occasion required. And when Captain Pope ordered his men to reassemble on the main-deck, it was more with a view to holding a council than to making speeches.

First he told them he had put to sea so ill-stocked with provisions that in a week they must be in want; their immediate business therefore was to plunder a ship for food and drink. He stated that he had a sufficiency of powder and shot; more was always to be obtained by plundering small vessels. Next day, he said, the arm-chests would be brought on deck, and the crew drilled by Mr. Crystal and Matthew Grindal in the exercise of the cutlass and the cannon.

"There's few of us as wants drilling," broke in a harsh voice; "you lay us alongside, we'll know what to do."

Captain Pope received this interruption very affably. He then informed the men that he had obtained private but certain instructions from a friend of his who had been his shipmate in a privateer in 1814, of the dispatch of a rich Spanish ship from Cadiz for the Manillas. He named the date of her sailing, and said that it was his intention to cruise in the path of her course until he fell in with her. At this piece of news the seamen gave another loud cheer. Thus he detained his men while he communicated his intentions, and listened to their opinions, which most frequently took the form of huzzas, till it grew as dark as night, whereupon they lighted lanterns, that the crew might be divided into watches; and while this was doing Pope sung out to his servant to fill a bucket of rum and bring it on deck, and give it to the men that they might make themselves punch in abundance.

It was now the second dog watch; very dark but clear and finely spangled. The light of the lanterns sat like a square of luminous fog in the yawn of the main hatch, toward which Captain Pope advanced. He looked down, then seeing Crystal pass out of the companion-way, he put his log over

and descended a flight of steps, from the lowest of which he sprang out to the deck or platform where his sailors were assembled.

The boatswain was at the head of the table, and he was in the middle of a story of some friends of his, sailors, who had been robbed of one hundred and forty pounds by two women and a young man desperately armed, dressed up as a woman, when his eye lighted on the captain, who stood under the main-hatch surveying the scene. The men, seeing their captain, raised a great, half-drunken noise of hurrahs, and Maddison of the squint cried out, "Will you drink with us, your honor?"

"I've come below to do it," says Pope, advancing to the table, and taking a pannikin with a little rum in it, he addressed the men. They were as silent as figure-heads while his words were being delivered. Nothing troubled the stillness but Pope's voice, the creaking of the brig's timbers, and once or twice the squeak of a rat in the hold below. His speech was very encouraging; he said he wanted them to make a home of the brig, and to live happily together. They should not want for leisure; he expected they would be always prompt in obeying orders; their lives would depend upon obedience and dispatch; he would try and provide them with plenty to eat and drink, and, as they sailed under the black flag, the usual sea discipline would be greatly relaxed. What they all wanted was plenty of money, and that they would get if they fought stoutly and feared nothing.

All sorts of roaring cries followed the captain's address. The men were flattered by his presence. He drank their health, then to the success of the cruise, which he promised them should be too brief to enable the British cruisers to give them any trouble.

"Now sing songs and be happy, my hearties," says he; and he went on deck, the men shouting their satisfaction after him and beating the table with their pannikins.

At ten o'clock Captain Pope went below. The cabin was warm though the little skylight was open. In a corner was a little table upon which were a small compass, a quadrant, and one or two other mathematical instruments of a primitive sort; close beside it leaned a bag of charts, one of which he extracted, and, carrying it to the table in the cabin, fell to musing over it with a pencil in his hand.

All of a sudden, while he overhung the chart, thoughtfully considering the winds in that part of the sea according to his memory of them, he was startled by a loud and fearful cry on deck, quickly followed by a general uproar of voices, amid which he could hear Grindal roaring like a bull: "Where the devil are yer coming to? Starboard yer hellum!"

Pope sprang from the table, rushed to his cabin, seized his sword, and, thrusting a pistol into his pocket, bounded on deck. Scarce was his head clear of the companion-way when he was nearly thrown by a violent concussion. The little brig heeled, trembling to her keelson, with some noise of splintering aloft and the seething patter of fragments of timber, blocks and the like launched from a height into the quiet water. The night was extremely dark; the mist had thickened into something like a fog since two bells.

Shouts were to be heard over the side. A yelling and groaning of voices in an unknown tongue. Close aboard with her starboard bow caressing the side of the Gypsy, while her bowsprit carrying its black wing of jib shot over the brig's rail, like a branchless fallen tree, was a vessel somewhat larger than the pirate, apparently a schooner, but it was so dark that no one could have told you the true rig of her. A man holding up a lantern was shouting in some unintelligible language. Some men were hauling at the ropes, yelling in choruses. Others ran about the decks as though panic-stricken; in all there might have been some twelve or thirteen men visible in that ship.

(To be continued.)

Lesson the Bishop Needed.

Bishop Nicholson of Milwaukee has a story of personal experience to tell to those who seem swamped in worries. It happened during the first years of his ministry, when he was rector of a Philadelphia church. The parish matters, social and financial, were in a bad way, and straightening them out was slow work. He was distinctly discouraged one day when, having gone to New York on business, he stopped to look at the Brooklyn bridge, then building. A man, covered with dirt, was working on the abutments.

"That's pretty dirty work you are engaged in," said the bishop.

"Well, yes," answered the laborer, "but somehow we don't think of the dirt, but of the beauty which is to come out of our work."

"It was the lesson I needed, and I went back to Philadelphia the better for it," said Bishop Nicholson.—Milwaukee Journal.

Easily Explained.

As Dr. Reginald John Campbell, of the City Temple, London, faced the densely packed throng of clergymen of three denominations assembled Monday noon at the Presbyterian building to do him honor, he turned to Dr. Bradford, who was about to present him, and said in an undertone: "How in the world do you account for such a multitude of preachers?"

"Easy enough to explain it," was the answer. "The Campbells are comin'."

"Only an American would put it as prettily as that," was the famous Britisher's response.—New York Mail and Express.

ROBBERS ROUTED BY BEES.

Plundering Gang Disturbed an Apiary in a Freight Car.

A few nights ago a gang of railroad freight robbers descended on the West Philadelphia yards of the Pennsylvania railroad. Several freight cars were broken open and their contents scattered around, some of the most valuable goods being taken away. One car, however, was found with doors burst open, but nothing missing. Indeed, the thieves added to the freight, hats, coats, jimmies, and bags of plunder being scattered all over the floor of the car.

An investigation by the railroad detectives showed that included among other freight shipment was an apiary. Special boxes were made for the bees, which were en route for Linfield via the Philadelphia & Reading railroad from Philadelphia.

When the robbers tackled the boxes containing the bees there must have been a genuine surprise. It was evident the gang did not pause, but fairly flew out of the car, leaving their clothing and plunder behind.

DEAL IN BOGUS ANTIQUITIES.

Sharps Have Many Tricks Calculated to Fleece the Unwary.

With the numerous instances of duplicity on the part of dealers in antiquities it is not to be wondered that many men of wealth and culture are looking with suspicion on the works of art which they have collected at the expenditure of much money and effort. It is a wise collector who is certain of the genuineness of his collection.

One piece of the swindlers' work is the making of artificial moth holes in a chair of the pattern used several centuries since. It is a good imitation, and has been dilapidated purposely, a piece being missing from the



back. It only requires a few dozen moth holes to complete its "ancestral" appearance. These are provided by means of a tool like an awl, with five steel points. Held over a likely part, a smart tap of a wooden mallet sends the points, made to the exact size of a moth hole, into the wood. This process is repeated as many times as necessary. Then the moth holes are treated to a slight application of candle flame, which darkens the holes inside to the required tint.

FOUGHT SHARK THREE HOURS.

Dr. Van Valvah's Capture of an 8 1/2 Footer With Rod and Reel.

Dr. John A. Van Valvah, of Seabreeze, Fla., has distinguished himself by catching a shark with an ordinary rod and reel.

He was fishing on the pier when something caught the bait and darted off at a speed that set the reel to whizzing while the doctor's thumb was almost cut in trying to check the fish. The shark finally made for top water and then the doctor saw he had a fight before him.

Eight times he brought the big fish in on the beach only to have it dash off again. At last the shark was tired out and brought to the beach and gaffed. Nearly three hours were consumed in the fight.

The shark was 8 1/2 feet long and weighed between 450 and 500 pounds.

Punchinello.



Punch originally came from Italy, where he was known as Punchinello, the Italian word for clown.

Loss Caused by Empty Bottle.

After picnicking under a haystack, a party of holiday makers, near Montauban, France, left an empty ginger beer bottle standing up on the ground. The sun's rays became focused through the glass, and set the stack alight. It was burned to the ground.

Orchards in Germany. Germany has on an average 806 orchard trees to the square mile.

THE FLOODS IN LONDON.

Great Metropolis Suffers Owing to Unusually High Water.

Dwellers in the western states of America are not the only persons who suffer from spring floods. Here is what an English paper says of the recent high water in London:

"Much damage has been caused in the low-lying parts of London by floods consequent upon the heavy rains, and a few miles over the boundary matters were even worse. The scene in the metropolis during the three days' continuous down pour was an unusual one. Lord's and the Oval, several inches under water, looked



The picture of desolation. The glamor and "bravery" of the West End vanished before the pitiless rain; and the stream of fashionable womanhood which winds itself in and out of Regent street and Piccadilly on a normal summer day gave way to a drab, drenched, and bedraggled set of business men hurrying gloomily about their affairs.

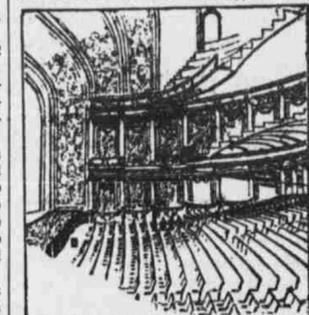
Message From the Sea.

A Greek fisherman recently found on a lonely part of the Island of Carpathos a hermetically sealed bottle, containing a paper, which read as follows: "29, 1702.—The ship Clow, on board which we were, foundered at the beginning of October, 1702. She foundered so quickly we barely had time to get off on the raft, on which we now are, without food or drink. Whoever finds this paper is begged, in the name of humanity, to forward it to the government. One of the castaways—Manter." This two century old message has been bought by a Greek doctor.

New Pittsburg Theater.

The above cut shows a small section of the new Nixon Theater, Pittsburg, which is the first theater ever built without stairs to the balcony.

The incline starts from the main entrance and reaches the nose of the balcony just back of the boxes, instead of the old way, where the stairs enter at the rear of the balcony, making



persons having seats at the front of the balcony walk up stairs, then down. The grade is only one inch and one-quarter to the foot, being the same as from the foyer to the orchestra.

Hatpin in Horse's Tongue.

A horse belonging to a well known Brewer, Me., man refused to eat his supper the other night. An investigation was made and it was found that in some way the animal had gotten a hatpin in its mouth and it was buried to a depth of two inches in his tongue, so that it was impossible for the horse to swallow food. The pin was removed and the animal ate its supper with apparently no difficulty. From that time forth the horse has apparently suffered no inconvenience from the injury.

Draws Oil From Well.

At Cortland, N. Y., Mrs. Lottie Gutches' teakettle would not boil the other night when she made her tea. After waiting an hour she examined the contents of the kettle and found it was oil. She carefully emptied it and drew another kettleful from the well. It appeared to be oil, too. An examination of the well showed that it was nearly filled with oil—a good quality of crude petroleum.

Peculiar Rain of Mud.

A rain of mud recently fell in Gardini, Italy, which dried up the plants and spoiled the crops. Geologists explain this curious downpour as being of volcanic source, brought from Africa by the winds, but savants say it is a meteoric phenomenon, and that the mud comes from other planets.

Led in Using Timetables.

Few people know that the old Boston-Worcester railroad was the second road in the world to use a railroad timetable for operating trains, and was one of the first roads to issue timetables.

BANTAM HEN RAISES SNAKES.

Faithful Mother Does Her Duty to Remarkable Breed.

Several weeks ago one of the residents of Smoky Hollow found thirteen adder's eggs under a decayed stump, and, placing them under a bantam hen, awaited results. In due time the clucking mother hatched out thirteen striped adders. The brood was different from the downy darlings which she had previously reared, but the faithful bantam accepted her trust, and did the best she could under the circumstances.

Several of the strange brood fell a prey to the family cat and others receded from civilization and took to the woods, but six of them are still following the puzzled bantam about the premises in the daytime and at night sleeping in the straw nest in which they were hatched. The wriggling brood have become sufficiently domesticated to respond to the clucking of their foster mother.—Nunda (N. Y.) Dispatch in New York Herald.

A PUZZLE TO SCIENTISTS.

Unable to Account for Canals on the Planet Mars.

The canals on Mars first awoke scientists to the possibility of art and not nature cutting these enormous channels which telescopes of many years ago were unable to detect. The more these canals are studied, the more irresistibly one is forced to the conclusion that they have been planned and executed by some race of living beings with powers far exceeding that of man, or with machinery of such stupendous strength and capacity that the mind staggers in contemplating what it has accomplished. Imagine a vast network of



The Planet Mars.

canals sixty miles wide and thousands of miles in length, crossing all the great continents, without turning aside for any obstacle of mountain or sea, and the magnitude of these works may be realized.

Grant that civilization is a million years or so further advanced on Mars than it is here, and think what thought and invention must have accomplished there! Of course, the name that we give the planet must be peculiarly inappropriate, for war cannot have lifted its dreadful banner there for thousands upon thousands of years.

ROBIN'S NEST MADE OF LACE.

Woman Misses Her Valuables and Finds a Bird the Thief.

A Mrs. Newton, who lives in Center street, put two fine lace collars out on the lawn in front of her house to dry a few days ago. When she went to get them an hour later they were gone. She was sure nobody stole them, because she was sitting beside a window at the front of the house at the time and would have seen anybody entering the yard. The next day she put another collar out and watched. A robin flew down from an apple tree near by and carried off the collar. An investigation was made and the other collars were found woven into the bird's nest in a crotch of the apple tree. There was also a small lace handkerchief in the nest. The bird that was doing the "fine-art" nest building and its mate set up a big outcry and pecked fiercely at the man in the tree when the nest was being pulled down.—Genesee (N. Y.) Dispatch in Detroit News-Tribune.

An Invitation.



"Come, Birdie, come, and stay with me."

THINK PRINCE RUDOLPH LIVES.

People of Croatia Refuse to Believe Him Dead.

The people of Croatia have a strange superstition concerning the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, who it will be remembered, died in such sad circumstances at Meyerling in 1889.

They believe that he is still alive, but that he is hidden somewhere by his enemies, and, as they are now almost in a state of revolution against Hungary, of which they form a part, they have just sent a petition to Emperor Francis Joseph, asking him to make the prince their ban, or ruler.

The poor emperor, who was terribly afflicted by the loss of his only son, is much shocked by the request, but nothing will persuade the Croats that the prince is not alive, and that he would not go and be their ban if his enemies would let him.—Sketch.